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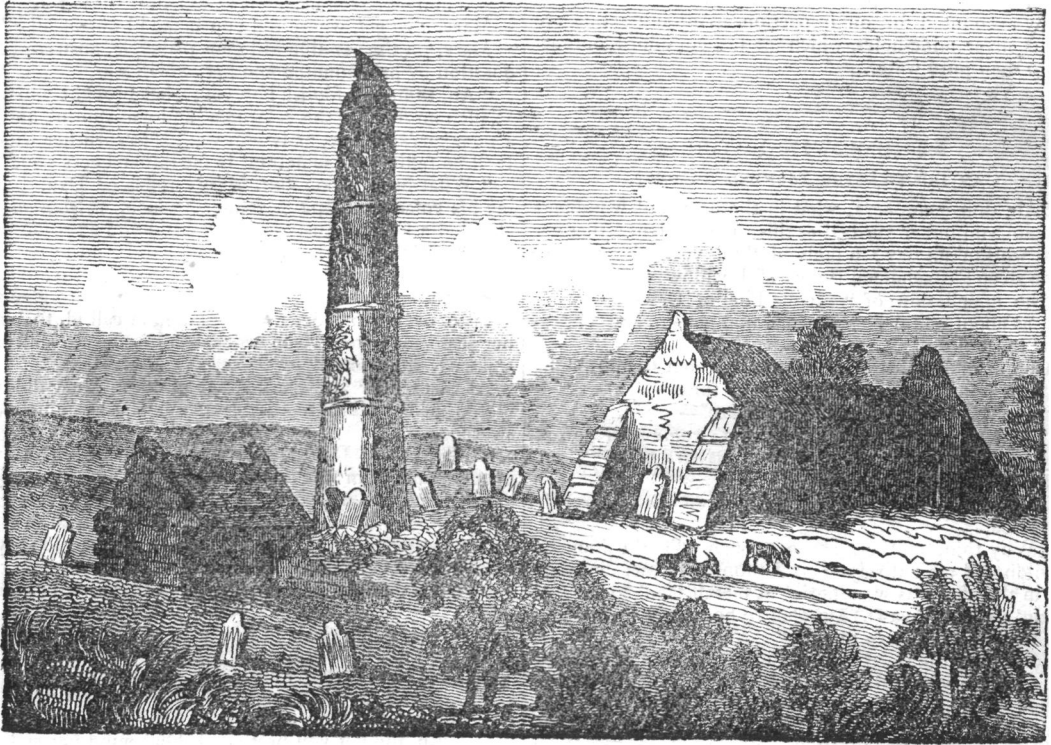
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ARDMORE TOWER, COUNTY OF WATERFORD.

The village of Ardmore is situated on the coast of the county of Waterford, about four miles from Youghal, and is remarkable for one of the most perfect round towers to be found in Ireland, the origin of which is attributed to St. Declan, who is said to have been the friend and companion of St. Patrick, by whom he was made Bishop of Ardmore, where he founded an abbey about the year 402, and where his memory is still held in great veneration.

The tower is about ninety feet high, and fifteen feet in diameter at the base; and the door-way is sixteen feet from the ground. Its formation is different from most others, being divided into four stories or compartments, each marked by a projecting course of solid masonry, carried round the building, and each story has a window or loop-hole: the whole structure is well built, and bids fair to withstand the ravages of time for centuries to come.—It is a prominent feature in the landscape, being visible for many miles round, and serves occasionally as a landmark for vessels at sea.

St. Declan was descended from the family of the Desli, whose territories extended over the southern and western parts of the county of Waterford. He travelled to Italy when young—resided in Rome for several years, and being ordained by the Pope, he returned home; was consecrated Bishop of Ardmore, and survived to a great age; for his immediate successor, St. Ultan, lived until the year 550. He was buried in the churchyard here, in the dormitory, which goes by his name, and which is visited by vast numbers on the 24th of July, on which day his festival is held. Great virtues are attributed to the clay which is supposed to cover his remains, and which being taken away in small quantities from time to time, has gradually exca-

vated the surface to a depth of several feet below the adjacent soil. This dormitory was repaired and roofed, at the expense of Bishop Mills, about one hundred and twenty years ago.

There is also a well bearing the name of the saint, and a stone on the sea shore, which tradition reports to have floated over from Rome with the bells of the cathedral, and which is connected with many superstitious ceremonies.

The present church is but small, being only a part of the chancel of the old one, a portion of the walls of which still remain, covered with ivy; and one of the windows is adorned with curious carvings in freestone, representing the twelve apostles, and various scenes in scripture history.

R. F.

We are informed by our correspondent, E. H., that there are two transverse pieces of wood or metal at the top of the interior of the tower, to which he supposes the bell was attached, which is said to have been so deep and powerful in tone as to be heard at *Gloun Moore* or *Big Glen*, a distance of eight miles. The top of the tower, which suddenly diminishes to a conical point, appears loose, and threatens a momentary fall; but, strange to say, it has withstood the fierce blast of about thirty winters in the same position, before which time it was erect, and surmounted with a cross.

A little further, on the edge of some shelving rocks, which immediately overhang the bay of Ardmore, is the ruin of an old place of worship, called *Thoumpel a Desheret*, or the old "Temple of Dissart:" at one end of which stood a high gable, ornamented with a well cut Gothic window, which was demolished by a sudden gust of wind

about seven or eight years since, and has now nothing more to boast of than the "holy well," in one of the walls, which owes its present neat and enticing appearance to an individual named Hugh Byrne, a private soldier in the Donegal militia, who, after the Irish rebellion of 1798, came here, and passed the remainder of his life in this solitary abode, and was buried beside St. Declan. There is a square door-way in one side of this old building, with an inverted key-stone in the arch, which has been a source of much enquiry and difference of opinion amongst the lower class of the adjacent mechanics, but which may be easily accounted for on inspection. Adjoining this are some silver mine-holes, which at present afford nothing more than pure water.

THE MOWIN' MATCH.

AN IRISH SKETCH FOUNDED ON FACT.

"Ah, thin, Dan, agra, what in the name o' wondher's bringin' you out o' yer bed at this time o' night afther yer hard workin' all day? a body id think you'd be wantin' some sleep!" exclaimed the careful widow who exulted in the appellation of "Missus Phelim Dawley," to her son, as about midnight she heard him get up and endeavour to steal softly forth.

Dan at first appeared a little posed; but then rubbing his eyes he muttered in a half sleepy tone—

"Och, wisha, wisha! bud it's quare"—

"Are you dhramin', child, or what's come over you at all? Don't you planely persave id's as dark as pitch—an' what's makin' you get up?"

Dan, who by this time had invented an excuse, gravely answered,

"Why thin, mother, shure enough id's the dhramin's bewildhered me entirely. Faix I thought id was mornin'; an' in throth I was wondherin' at meself bein' so lazy at gettin' up bud (a yawn) I'm glad to be in the wrong box, (a yawn) an'll jist turn in agin."

So saying, the sleep-loving youth bade his mother good night, and retired to his nook, for room it could not be called. The careful matron was satisfied at this, and again lay down, and soon fell into a sound sleep; and the good youth, who was on the watch, no sooner perceived this, than, brogues in hand, he stole across the room, and gently unbolting the door went forth, closing it carefully again. A few stars were twinkling here and there in the sky, and giving but a faint light, by which he might direct his footsteps; however, as his mother's cabin stood beside the road, and he knew every inch of the country, there wasn't much fear of his losing his way.

He proceeded along at a pretty rapid pace, humming some tune, and occasionally whistling, until at length he stopped, opposite another cabin, and going to a small window in the back part of it, began to sing the air which he had been trying ever since he left home. The words were very original, and ran somewhat as follows:

"Och, my darlin' Mary! like a little fairy
You thrip along the green grass in style;
An' wor you Dido, or Queen Juno either,
I'd love you dearly fur yer own sweet smile.
Your lips are the neethor, an' whin you do lecthur,
Dianya's self couldn't sweeter spake;
Och, me queen ov beauty, that bates out Vanus,
If you prove cruel me heart will brake!"

He had got thus far in his tender strain, when "the ould cloak" was chucked out of the orifice which it filled up, and a female face appeared, smiling with satisfied vanity at the complimentary tribute just paid to her beauty; and before the delighted Daniel could utter a word, she answered his strain somewhat in the same manner, not in a very unmusical voice, and one which he thought sweeter than honey:

"Iv be all this nonsense you think to win me,
I tell you yer out Misthur Dan, asthore;
Dianyas' an' Junos may do fur others,
Bud not fur me, as I said afore:

I'm a quite colleen, and a plainly spoken,
So you needn't be thyring all your coortin' art;
Such flatterree, which yer always croakin',
Will never make me give you my heart."

"Och, Mary, a lanna, bud id's yerself can turn id," exclaimed the delighted lover, dancing, as if in time to the concluding air:

"always croakin',
Will never make me give you my heart."

"Whoo—och—musha—it's the natest turned tchune!—Mary, a ra gal, where did you make id out at all?"

Mary, on the genuine Milesian principle, answered one question by propounding another, which was,

"Ah, thin, you foolish boy you, what brought you here at such an hour as this?—singin' and gallivantin' undher a poor girl's windee, as iv you wanted to turn her wits.—It'll be tellin' you somethin' iv me father hears you."

"What brought me out, Mary! repeated Dan, bringing his voice to the pitch tender; which, *en passant*, resembled a key in a rusty lock. "Is id you axes me that, eroo? Well, that flogs the world: did you never hear tell ov a boy bein' so bewildhered about a bit ov a colleen—eh, *maavourneen*? as to venthur out jist to give her a taste ov a saranade, as the gintlemin call id, to make her sleep soundher iv she wor sleepin', and to bid her waken iv she wornt."

At this tender and sentimental effusion, Mary did not blush, but her white teeth glittered as she laughingly answered—

"Why, thin, Dan Dawley, you bate *my* skill, as the gauger said whin the boys put out to say—fur *raahy* I didn't think you wor sich a *gommooh*!"

"Well, well," half soliloquized Dan—"this sartinly bangs—a *gommooh*! Och, Mary, asthore, don't you know how you've desthroyed me wid yer pair ov eyes, an' your incomparable beauty—id's murdered, I believe, I am."

Mary here half drew in her head as she sung in reply,

"Ah, thin, go yer ways, you gay desaver,
And don't think to move me wid all yer lies;
Shure yer butthered words are repeated often,
An' though you pretend, I don't mind yer sighs."

Here the old rag was again thrust into the window, and the voice ceased, and all was silent as before; for the "spark was quite knocked out ov Dan be her quareness," and he stood for a moment or two irresolutely; then his pride came to his aid, and he loudly, and with somewhat of exultation, chanted,

"Thin, sense thus you thrate me, so rude and bitter,
Though a rural female never born should be;
No insinuashins shall intoxicate me,
Thus to be turned off so ungratefuller."

He then twirled his alpeen round his head, gave his caubeen a crush down, disdainfully pulled up his breeches, and loudly humming the latter part of the air, struck off into a path which led across the fields. Scarcely had he gone, till the bundle was a second time chucked away; and Mary's head appeared peeping forth to discover if he loitered; but seeing that he did not, she withdrew, saying nought, but in her heart half repenting the useless coquetry which led to his dismissal; for, be it known unto the reader, Dan Dawley was the boy of all others for Mary Brady's fancy. He had known her long, and paid her every attention; and the sensible folk observed, that it certainly would be a match whenever Dan "gev over his wild ways, an' reglarly tuk to industry," a period which would be exceedingly difficult to name.

Love and war are often spoken of together; and with the rejected Dan Dawley war was now the word; for he was not such a *gommooh* as to come out solely for the one, which we will prove plainly to the reader. He scudded on (for his *original* shambling gait could not be called walking!) for about an hour, and at last stopped opposite a large barn, erected originally beside a dwelling house, but it had long since been levelled, leaving the aforesaid barn standing lone and bare on the brow of a slight hill,